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ourselves suffer most deeply from neglecting him.

#### ALLSTON'S ST. PETER IN PRISON.

A FEW years since I was on a visit in Leicestershire. While turning over a big portfolio of Roman drawings, precious to my hostess as *souvenirs* of youth and travel, I said to her, "So Coleorton is near this, do you know the Allston there?" "Not the least in the world," was the reply. "But you should:" upon which I recited the lines on the Rosalie, which, as the picture does, seem to have dropped out of some far-off, serenest Heaven.

My hostess was not noisy in her approval, was silent for a little, and then quietly said, "We will drive over to-morrow."

Ten o'clock the next day saw us bowling along those dreamy English roads, threading the chequer-work of light and shade, and looking around in the hedges upon the million facets of the dew, hid under every glossy leaf—the despair of Constable, and which he got at last to imitate with showers of white, falling at random on bush and beast. Unspeakably lovely was the drive; and when we were at the hall door, two things were plain:—First, why Wordsworth loved to come there: and the second, why Sir George Beaumont must love landscape painting.

The house is on a commanding slope with terraces not too stately, as should be, and overlooking one of the most admirably composed landscapes I ever saw. I was reminded of Italy. Something in the accidents of the ground, perhaps, for there were great platforms of turf picturesquely broken, happily-placed buildings, and afar, like the Past looking towards the Present, a glimpse of a ghostly abbey and the secular forest, which Beaumont the dramatist, that artist of the green days of England, loved so well. It was long before I could turn from the living picture without to the treat I knew to be in the house. The then proprietor was a nephew of the famous Sir George, and though not an amateur, of most alert and obliging hospitality.

There was, besides the pictures scattered through the house, a picture gallery; not large, well lighted from above with clouded glass, and remarkable as the first lodging and nest of men since famous. Sir George had a most friendly and appreciative eye for rising merit.

There was something very pleasing in seeing rows of Wilkie, Collins, Sir T. Lawrence, Mulready, Smirke, &c., &c., all with the down on; the modest, shy, unconfident manner, which is to such what Pre-Raphaelism is to the too grand and too triumphant San Sisto. There were no pictures which more interested me than those of good Sir George himself—always rich in color, and full of sentiment, not at all English, but such as few amateurs are able to be proud of. There was one, a picture Sir George was at work on the day he was struck with apoplexy, which his nephew found full of predictions of the catastrophe.

A number of boys were playing along a fallen tree over a brook. Every boy was off his balance. The crisis overhanging the poor man may have so unstrung his hand. "But, I see no Allston,"

said I. "Ah! no, that is in yonder little church, the only picture worthy of it. Great man, Allston; Sir George very fond of him. Come see," and he rushed for the keys. Close to the house, shaded by noble cedars, and rooted in the emerald turf, stood the little church. It was just the fitting shrine for Allston's picture, and alone kept holy watch there. I was left to enjoy the picture alone. Often had I heard Allston fondly discourse of it, of the surprise his method was to the artists, and of the rapidity of its execution. I had, too, seen in Boston the masterly sketch for the Saint's Head, whose foreshortening astonishes, and which now must be in New York.

The picture must be some 20 feet square. An angel stands at the open prison door on the first of a short flight of steps, and his brightness falls upon the upturned face of Peter, struck with joy and devout awe, and seeking to rise from his prison pallet. Beyond, the drowsed guards are lost in shadow, while over them, looks in the cheerless circle of the moon, cut by the iron grating of the cell. There is none of the comfort in this disheartening moon which streams from the angel's features.

No solace nor help in that tremendous gloom could our daily miracles afford. To pierce this, was needed "the light which never was on sea or land."

I who hold that in spiritual height and depth, in exquisite and most original color (at the same pitch as that of Venice, but touched to subtler issues) in grandeur of design, and almost everything but solid force and energy, Allston is of late time without a peer—need I say how much I was delighted?

My half hour was interrupted by the baronet's return. "Angel a *leettle* heavy, eh!" said he, jogging my ribs. Yes, I replied cheerfully, nearly as largely modelled as one of Raffaelles.

After this, I was shown the choicest points of view, those beloved by Wordsworth and Sir George, and complimented with benches or tablets with verse from Wordsworth's hand. At my feet was the ebb and flow of the great cedar shadows, above were their whispers, now retreating to silence, and soon striking with cheerful music the strain of the thoughts and feelings belonging to the place, while around in the valley swam in the uneventful English noon, that imaginative confusion of tree, and stream, and hamlet, which, always inviting, never submits to analysis.

Sitting then on a seat Wordsworth had placed to enjoy what I enjoyed, I scratched these careless lines, to record my friendly and now sacred pilgrimage.

Beneath this darkling cedar's dome  
I sit, but forth my feelings fly,  
Allston, to thy celestial home,  
An angel now in yon blue sky.

A portion of thy soul divine  
Is fitly shrined in that meek aisle,  
Whose arching roofs in prayer incline,  
And chasten all the tranquil pile.

There, with a lustre not of earth,  
Our heavenly brother points the way,  
Past Death's dark portal to a birth,  
And Life renewed in ceaseless day.

Methought while gazing on his face,  
Pictured by thee so sweetly fair,  
Thine angel lineaments to trace,  
Ennobled from all touch of care.

Thy body seemed the imprisoned saint,  
Who but half knew his heavenly guest;  
Trailed in the dust, with watchings faint,  
And Earth's vile tyranny oppressed.

But now transfigured, both ascend  
Through bright and brighter spheres of bliss  
Whence down in pity on us bend,  
Thine eyes to comfort us in this.

#### THE WILDERNESS AND ITS WATERS.

##### CHAPTER III.

##### THE CAMP.

WE were disposed for our journey in this wise. Angler took the smaller boat, rowed by our hostess' son Bill, with the heavy luggage, bread-box and valises, and Siudent and myself, with the blankets, the fowling-piece and the lighter articles, embarked in the other, managed by the new-comer who rejoiced in the same nick-name, but whom, for distinction's sake, I will call by his surname, Moodie. He was a rough specimen of the genus guide, strong as a horse, and brown as one of Angler's bronze statues.

We made up our loads and started up the lake, Angler, as the veteran, leading the way. The day was exceedingly quiet, and the sultriness settled down around us till we were fain to throw our coats off to breathe. The haze had been gathering through the morning, and the sky was growing grey and leaden, and, along the horizon, a heavy, dull purple. The mountains passed away into such thin films that the eye could scarcely distinguish them from the mists. Here and there a catpaw left its dash of blue across the distant water, which with a gentle tremor, half mingled and half distinguished the images on its surface.

A sail of about three miles brought us to the head of the lake. Here we were to "carry over" to the next chain of lakes, a distance of about a mile, over which our equipments, boats and all, were to be carried on the backs of our guides. A hard trodden path through the pine woods, used by the hunters and the few dwellers in that inner wilderness, indicated the way, and taking our rods and the most fragile of our traps, we left the guides to get the heavier portions over at their leisure, and walked forward. An Indian village, Moodie said, had once been situated on this "carrying-place," and we could see that the pines here were all of the second growth, small and scrubby, the ground free from underbrush and quite level, as though it might have been cultivated once; and the whole place had an entirely different air from that of the woods around. The forest pines grow slender, and have no limbs on the lower part of their trunks, and the decaying bodies of their predecessors lie on the ground beneath, overgrown with ferns and heavy mosses; but here the pines were thick-set, with limbs nearly down to the roots, and the soil was unencumbered, and covered with a scanty grass, showing that the sun had been accustomed to shine in. The path we travelled by, had probably existed many centuries, and we could not help thinking of the race who had passed away from treading it, as we walked beneath the dense shade of the trees that had grown on their cornfields.

Our walk brought us to a little gem of a lake where we would take boat again, and

cutting some limbs from the alders that grew along the shore, we made a couch and threw ourselves on it to wait the arrival of the boats. The guides must make one journey for each boat and another for the baggage, and it was consequently growing late in the afternoon when we were ready to move on. It was all done at length, the boats reladen, and we resumed our journey. The little lake we were now on—called a “pond” by the guides, who never apply the former title to anything less than three miles across—was not more than half a mile wide, and was skirted by a “cranberry bog” some rods in width, whose treacherous shore passed into a fringe of white and yellow water lilies (*nymphaea odorata* and *nuphar lutea*.) We passed through it, and into another similar one, or perhaps I should more properly call it the same, the shores approaching each other very nearly about midway of its length.

On the lower division was the “camp,” a shanty of spruce bark, built just under a high bluff bank, and where the beach was higher and dryer than elsewhere. Two upright posts, about six feet high and seven or eight apart, supported a cross-piece, from which a number of poles ran back to the ground, and these again were crossed by two or three others. On this frame-work was laid the bark, forming a tolerable roof, and the ends, clap-boarded with similar strips, completed the building. There was a pile of dry grass cut from the near marsh by some luxurious hunters, and charitably left for the next comers. A few blackened brands, and a black spot on the beach, showed that fire had been made there.

The boats were drawn up and unloaded, and we set to work to get our lodgings in order. Bill said that we could catch some trout close by, so Angler launched his boat again, and they two went to catch the supper. Student, Moodie and myself, taking the axes and a huge bowie knife, set to chopping wood and brush to make the fire, and got the dishes—four tin-pans, and knives and forks to match—in readiness for supper. This achieved, we took our boat and went out to pick some cranberries. After a famous half-hour's picking, we were recalled by the halloo of Angler, who had returned in an ecstasy with half a dozen fine trout, averaging nearly a pound each. The fire was kindled, potatoes set to boiling, and, each one cooking his fish as he liked best, with butterless bread, and water from the lake, we made a hearty meal.

Refreshed, we set to work preparing for the night. The guides took the axes and went at cutting wood for the fire, chopping down the dead spruces and smaller beeches on the bank above the camp. We spread the dried grass out evenly, and then covered it with one blanket, our bed was made, and by this time the darkness was coming on. The cirri which had begun to gather when we left the cabin, had thickened to a dense veil, and the sun set invisible. Everything promised a rainy day for the morrow—not a star came out in the gloom, and as the night thickened around us, all objects were lost except those in the direct light of the fire. We took one of the boats and rowed out on the lake, and then laying on our oars, called to the guides to make a blaze. They threw on a quantity of the grass, which sent up a column of blaze at least ten feet into the air, illu-

minating the camp, and the trees and bushes around it, most brilliantly, while all around and beyond was lost in perfect darkness. The greens were as ruddy as in daylight, and the effect of the whole was most beautiful, yet with a something unaccountable and vague about it, which almost made one uneasy.

After our impromptu pyrotechnics had lost their novelty, we went back to our bark palace, and, having piled several huge logs on the fire, laid our boots down-heels to to tops, “one, one way, and one one way,” Bill had it, and wrapping our blankets around us, lay down, side by side, with our feet to the fire. The glowing pile threw its heat into the camp and rendered it as comfortable as could be desired, and we were soon sleeping soundly. I was awaked toward morning by the cold. The fire was low and smouldering, and the rain falling in a light but most unpromising drizzle. I nudged Moodie and told him to put some wood on the fire, an order which he obeyed without more than half-waking, and with a good deal of muttering and grumbling in his sleep; and, as the blaze took hold of the logs and began again to flicker up, restoring the vital warmth to my chilled limbs, I slept again.

At early daybreak the guides were stirring, and, the fire replenished, the kettle was put on to boil the potatoes, and the boats were put in readiness to fish. The guides, who were not accustomed to really good fly-fishing, assured us that in the place where we going to try our luck this morning we could not catch the large trout with flies. Nevertheless, Angler determined to try the ground, and, taking his boat and Bill, as usual, Student and I took the other with no intention of participating in the sport which Angler, from his previous evening's experience, assured us required the most careful fishing, from the perfect quiet of the water. So, leaving Moodie to watch the breakfast, we followed in the wake of Angler's boat, at a respectable distance.

*The Poetry of Architecture; or the Architecture of the Nations of Europe, considered in its Association with Natural Scenery and National Character.* By JOHN RUSKIN.

#### NO. II. THE COTTAGE.—CONCLUDING REMARKS.

“Nunquam aliud Natura, aliud Sapientia dixit.”—*Juv.*

It now only remains for us to conclude the subject of the Cottage, by a few general remarks on the just application of modern buildings to adorn or vivify natural scenery. There are, we think, only three cases in which the cottage is considered as an element of architectural, or any other kind of beauty, since it is ordinarily raised by the peasant where he likes, and how he likes; and, therefore, as we have seen, frequently in good taste. 1. When a nobleman, or man of fortune, amuses himself with superintending the erection of the domiciles of his domestics. 2. When ornamental summer-houses, or mimeries of wigwags, are to be erected as ornamental adjuncts to a prospect which the owner has done all he can to spoil, that it may be worthy of the honor of having him to look at it. 3. When the landlord exercises a certain degree of influence over the cottage

of his tenants, or the improvements of the neighboring village, so as to induce such a tone of feeling in the new erections as he may think suitable to their situation. In the first of these cases, there is little to be said; for the habitation of the domestic is generally a dependent feature of his master's, and, therefore, to be considered as a part of it. Porters' lodges are also dependent upon, and to be regulated by, the style of the architecture to which they are attached; and they are generally well managed in England, properly united with the gate, and adding to the effect of the entrance. In the second case, as the act is in itself a barbarism, it would be useless to consider what would be the best mode of perpetrating it. In the third case, we think it will be useful to apply a few general principles, deduced from positions formerly advanced. All buildings are, of course, to be considered in connection with the country in which they are to be raised. Now, all landscape must possess one out of four distinct characters. It must be either woody, the green country; cultivated, the blue country; or hilly, the brown country. 1. Woody or green country. By this is to be understood the mixture of park, pasture and variegated forest, which is only to be seen in temperate climates, and in those parts of a kingdom which have not often changed proprietors, (but have remained in unproductive beauty, or, at least, furnishing timber only), the garden of the wealthier population. It is to be seen in no other country, perhaps, so well as in England. In other districts, we find extensive masses of black forest, but not the mixture of sunny glade, and various foliage; and dewy sward, which we meet with in the richer park districts of England. This kind of country is always surgy, oceanic, and massy, in its outline. It never affords blue distance, unless seen from a height; and, even then, the nearer groups are large, and draw away the attention from the background. The under soil is kept cool by the shade, and its vegetation rich; so that the prevailing color, except for a few days at the fall of the leaf, is a fresh green. A good example of this kind of country is the view from Richmond Hill. Now, first, let us consider what sort of feeling this green country excites; and in order to do so, be it observed, that anything which is apparently enduring and unchangeable, gives us an impression rather of future, than of past, duration of existence; but anything which being perishable, and from its nature subject to change, has yet existed to a great age, gives us an impression of antiquity, though, of course, none of stability. A mountain, for instance (not geologically speaking, for then the furrows on its brow give it age as visible as was ever wrinkled on human forehead, but considering it as it appears to ordinary eyes), appears to be beyond the influence of change: it does not put us in mind of its past existence, by showing us any of the effect of time upon itself; we do not feel that it is old, because it is not approaching any kind of death: it is a mass of unsentient, undecaying matter, which, if we think about it, we discover must have existed for some time, but which does not tell this fact to our feelings, or rather, which tells us of no time at which it came into existence; and, therefore, gives us no stand-